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## CONTENTS

NOTES OF THE WEEK ... 485

### LEADING ARTICLES:

The Island and the Empire ... 488  
Mr. Asquith's Misapprehension 489

### MIDDLE ARTICLES:

Lord Bertie. By A. A. B. ... 489  
The Echoing Green ... 490  
Can it Last? ... 491

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. CXXV:

The Rt. Hon. Austen Chamberlain, M.P. By 'Quiz' 493

### THE THEATRE:

Two Trips North. By Ivor Brown ... 494

### REVIEWS:

Walkers in Darkness ... 495  
Sir Nevil Macready ... 496  
Not Poetry ... 496  
A Place in the Sun ... 497  
A Distinguished Talent ... 497

### NEW FICTION. By Gerald Gould:

In the Land of Youth ... 498  
Stella Defiant ... 498

### NEW FICTION (continued)

Suburban Nights' Entertainments ... 498  
The Constant Nymph ... 498

### SHORTER NOTICES ... 499

### ROUND THE LIBRARY

TABLE: Adversaria ... 500

### ACROSTICS ... 500

### BOOK SALES ... 501

### MOTORING. By H. Thornton

Rutter ... 501

### CITY NOTES ... 504

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK

WE would deprecate some of the criticisms of the Cabinet we have read in avowedly Conservative papers and heard from presumably Conservative individuals. The formation of a Cabinet is not a political prize-giving. It is an act by which the Premier associates with himself the men whom he believes to be most likely to work in harmony with each other and in loyalty to himself. If he has included any who are incapable of co-operation, let us be told so; but let us not be treated to disquisitions on the peculiar virtues of those whom he, in the legitimate exercise of his discretion, has passed over. They may be paragons of political morality and prodigies of political talent when considered in themselves; if they are not to Mr. Baldwin's purpose, he is quite right in leaving them out.

### THE PREMIER'S RESPONSIBILITY

In certain Labour circles it is indeed argued that a Cabinet should be composed, not of the lieutenants chosen by the Premier, but of persons forced on him by the Party caucus. We have not arrived at quite that folly in any section of Conservatism, but there is clearly a tendency to assume that each separate Cabinet appointment should be such as

would be approved on a referendum in the Party. The idea is unconstitutional and in truth absurd. A Cabinet is not primarily a representative, it is first of all an executive body, and only the Premier can judge with whom he shall share his responsibility. Each of us might in his place choose differently, but the government of this country has not been entrusted to the City or to Lancashire or even to the Press. It has been entrusted to Mr. Baldwin.

### SCOPE FOR MR. CHURCHILL

As for the appointment of Mr. Churchill, we confessed last week that we, in common with many other Conservatives, would have preferred to see Sir Robert Horne Chancellor, and Mr. Churchill at the Ministry of Labour; but an avowal of preference is one thing; questioning the moral right of the Premier to place his colleagues where he will is another. And we note that Mr. Baldwin, on second thoughts, does not rate the Ministry of Labour as highly as some of us do. He offered it to Sir Robert Horne, it is true, but on the morrow thought it not too great a charge for a capable, energetic, but not exactly eminent colleague like Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland. Since the position that suits the latter would obviously not be adequate for Mr. Churchill, we can only reflect that it is well to have Mr. Churchill's restless genius set to a task that will fully employ him.

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## LORD BIRKENHEAD AND INDIA

We shall hope that Lord Birkenhead will be at least as thoroughly absorbed in the duties of the India Office. He is made responsible for the affairs of three hundred million people, of three out of every four subjects of the King. Surely that should suffice him. But India is in a bad way. What it most needs is proof that there is a settled British policy. Mr. Baldwin, who is to be congratulated on the frequency and earnestness of his references to India, has made a firm declaration of attitude towards anarchical crime there. It is very well, but assertions that this country cannot be coerced by Indian revolutionaries are not enough. Our general conduct in India must be that of trustees who mean to stay and discharge their trust. The test is treatment of the Services. Injustice to them is explicable only on the assumption that we care nothing for future recruitment. That is why Mr. Baldwin has rendered so real a service to the Empire by pledging himself to expedite action on the Lee Report, and why Lord Birkenhead should hasten to give effect to it.

## THE SECONDARY APPOINTMENTS

Next to the filling of the major positions in the Ministry, there is nothing on which Mr. Baldwin more deserves congratulation than his treatment of the Postmaster-Generalship. He has found an excellent administrator in Sir William Mitchell-Thomson, and he has provided that at last we shall have continuity of tenure. As regards other positions, he has naturally in most instances relied on men who proved their capacity in his former Ministry. Nothing could be more proper than that Major Tryon should return to the Ministry of Pensions, Earl Winterton to the India Office, or Mr. Ormsby-Gore to the Colonial Office. But there is at least one bold innovation. Small as is our enthusiasm for women in Parliament, we gladly recognize the solidity of the claim which the Duchess of Atholl has established by her knowledge of affairs, soundness of judgment and quiet skill in debate. She ought to find her work as Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education very congenial. There is plenty of young talent in the new Ministry, and we look forward to an era of energetic departmental work.

## OVERSEAS TRADE

The SATURDAY REVIEW has a better right than other journals to rejoice at Mr. Arthur M. Samuel's appointment as Parliamentary Secretary to the Overseas Department of the Board of Trade. From 1917 to 1920 Mr. Samuel was a regular contributor to these columns, in which appeared that series of charming middles afterwards published in a book entitled 'Mancroft Essays.' We claim the credit of having discovered Mr. Samuel's literary gift. It is the best of Mr. Baldwin's minor appointments, for Mr. Samuel is a real business man, practically acquainted with trade as a manufacturer, and moving familiarly among the dreadful mysteries of currency and foreign exchange.

## THE COLONIAL OFFICE

A new Premier, obviously, can only fill the traditional Ministerial Offices when making his appointments, but we hope that Mr. Baldwin will

find it possible ere long to effect a separation of the responsibilities jumbled together at the Colonial Office by creating a Secretaryship for Imperial Affairs. How can any one minister deal with both the Dominions and the Crown Colonies? It is not only that the work is excessive in sum. One part of the task demands qualities very different from those requisite to the successful discharge of the other. The Empire has altogether outgrown the machinery by which we still seek to deal with its problems. We need entirely different instruments in our relations with self-governing Dominions and with Colonies, which in essentials take their orders from the Colonial Office.

## THE SPEECHES AT THE GUILDHALL

Mr. Baldwin and his colleagues appeared at the Guildhall as guests bidden at the very last moment, and their speeches, if not quite impromptu, were delivered without any formal previous consultation. It says much for the confidence existing between members of the new Cabinet that its spokesmen, in these circumstances, were able to produce statements of policy almost as precise as those which make up a King's Speech. Apart from the welcome announcement about the future of Wembley, Mr. Baldwin gave his audience much that the nation will be glad to hear. He showed that he interpreted his victory at the polls not as one for a policy of stagnation, but as a triumph for ordered progress on traditional lines. He reassured France about the agreement reached with Mr. Ramsay MacDonald; he was admirably firm about India; he emphasized once more the need for inquiry into the needlessly high cost of foodstuffs to the consumer; and while avowing a lively concern for the welfare of the worker, preached the true doctrine of reliance on voluntary private action rather than on State benevolence. A sober but inspiring speech, which was well supplemented by Mr. Austen Chamberlain's.

## UNANIMOUS

If Mr. Austen Chamberlain has had time to read what the Continental Press says of his appointment to the Foreign Office, he must be a merrier as well as a prouder man. Pride he must have taken in the universal assessment of himself as the model English gentleman; correct, impeccable, courteous. Merriment he must have experienced at the claim put forward by a great variety of nations to a very special niche in his affections. Mr. Chamberlain knows France and the French language, said the Paris Press. Let the Boche beware! Mr. Chamberlain knows Germany and the German language, said the Berlin Press. We have no doubt that his attitude towards Germany will be helpful and friendly. Mr. Chamberlain knows Italy and the Italian language, retorted Rome. He of all possible choices is the man most likely to pursue a policy favourable to Italian interests. France is, of course, rubbing her hands with glee at the supposed discomfiture of a certain dreadful marquis. Why exactly Germany and Italy should be so warm in their comments on Mr. Chamberlain's appointment is a little obscure. Well, if Europe can unite to pursue a genuinely European policy, we are sure that the new Foreign Secretary will support it with all his power and so vindicate this pleasing reputation for amiability all round.

## JOSEPH CAILLAUX

Should the generally foreshadowed return of M. Joseph Caillaux to power be realized in the early months of 1925, all the principal Allied countries will have demonstrated that it is impossible for a politician to disqualify himself permanently for office by outraging popular sentiment at a given moment. Sooner or later extravagances are forgotten, unless they are actually written up as substantial assets in the record which they once so heavily burdened. So long ago as 1920 Italy recalled her war-time bogey, Giovanni Giolitti, to office. Five years before he had been hounded out of Rome as a traitor. Britain followed in 1923 with a Premier who had coldly weighed his country's cause at the hour of need, and found it wanting. Caillaux took up no such clear-cut Pacifist attitude, which would indeed have been impossible in France with the invader at the gates of Paris. But more than Giolitti and MacDonald, Caillaux has been execrated by the militant patriots to whom his painfully romantic private life afforded first-class material for slanderous exaggeration.

## A BRILLIANT ECONOMIST

Writers of the school of Charles Maurras and Léon Daudet have celebrated M. Caillaux as the type of everything deep, callous, sinister and despicable in French politics. He is probably neither so wicked nor so wonderful as all that, but his return to power would certainly rouse new hopes for the betterment of France's still very unsatisfactory finances. His bitterest foes do not deny him an unapproachable brilliance in the mastery of national economic problems.

## FRANCE AND RUSSIA

M. Herriot in his trenchant speech at Rodez last Sunday defended his action in recognizing Soviet Russia, which M. Millerand and his friends in their much advertised manifesto had indirectly attacked with a reference to the "terror and ruin" occasioned in Russia by Communist rule. Now that Mr. Ponsonby's Treaty is done for, Britain and France are on the same terms with the Soviets. Each has accorded them *de jure* recognition (for we imagine there can be no question of a reversal by Mr. Baldwin of Mr. MacDonald's recognition), but neither has attained a settlement of the mass of questions which have accumulated during seven years of semi-war. Britain has recently enjoyed the experience of attempting to reach such an arrangement; France has the experience still to come.

## CO-OPERATION

Why should not Anglo-French amity, so happily restored in the past year, express itself in close co-operation in this field? The British electorate has roundly and rightly condemned the Socialist method of approach to Moscow. The Conservative Government must discover a new one. Surely the French might gain by a few hints from our negotiators of last summer, while their still undestroyed illusions and unimpaired vigour might refresh our own flagging spirits. One thing is clear: the Russian problem (politically and not economically speaking) is Europe's greatest cause for anxiety. Britain and France cannot possibly afford at this stage of history to play off Russia against each other.

## THE DECLINE OF FASCISMO

Fascismo, so recently a national religion able to centre in itself the patriotic aspirations of all but a handful of Italy's citizens, seems now to be no more than the tenet of a fanatical and intolerant sect. Following upon last week's ugly brawling the reassembly of the Rome Parliament fixed for this week is destined to throw into clear relief the spiritual isolation of the Fascists. The opposition parties nominally representing a third of the electorate, but claiming, in view of the undisguised terrorism which accompanied last May's elections, to stand for a far greater proportion than that, continue to "squat on the Aventine"—that is to boycott Montecitorio, and to submit their own actions to the rulings of a joint committee, in which the guiding spirit is the fearless and brilliant Signor Amendola. That part of Parliament which is still prepared to function consists exclusively of those elected as supporters of the Government, with perhaps a few Communists. But even in these ranks a deep cleavage is now apparent. The Liberal Party, the Combatants' Association, and the Association of Wounded Soldiers, which hitherto "flanked" the Fascist Party, are now little more friendly than the opposition in their attitude towards it. Even among the official Fascists there is a strong current of resentment against the present policy of the party. The poet Sem Benelli, a picturesque personage who makes the same kind of appeal to the Italian heart as Gabriele d'Annunzio, is the chief figure in this movement; he recently founded an "Italic League," which may quite possibly become the nucleus of a Centre Party aiming at the conquest of power.

## TROUBLE IN THE BALKANS

Spirits are equally disturbed on the other coast of the Adriatic. The experiment in moderate and pacific government initiated by M. Davidovich in July has ended in pitiful confusion. After a complicated interlude of a fortnight's duration the old clique, headed by the octogenarian Pasic, has clambered back into office with a mandate to hold elections in three months. M. Pasic is the chief protagonist of the idea that Croatia, Bosnia and the other non-Serbian portions of the Yugoslav kingdom "belong" to Serbia by right of conquest. It is hardly to be expected that the Croats, who number 2½ millions and are on an altogether higher level of civilization than their Serb compatriots, should acquiesce in such a view. There will never be tranquillity in Jugoslavia until Croatia's right to at least as full a measure of autonomy as she possessed in the Habsburg monarchy, be fully and frankly recognized at Belgrade. It is a real misfortune that Croatia's cause should have in M. Radich a representative who, whatever his brilliance as an orator, and whatever his sincerity as a political philosopher, lends himself excessively easily to misrepresentation as a woolly-headed fanatic. MM. Radich and Pasic, each great men in their way, are both eminently uncomfortable politicians for a country seeking after peace. It is unimaginable that at his present advanced age M. Pasic should modify his opinions. Unfortunately, Croatia will no more accept next year than in either of the preceding years the verdict of elections "made" by Pasic and the Radicals.



## THE ISLAND AND THE EMPIRE

MR. BALDWIN, in his speech at the Guildhall, has reminded us impressively that "we cannot dissociate our home conditions from external considerations." The maintenance of the standard of life reached by our people at home, as he has pointed out, is "bound up with the quality and magnitude of our Imperial and foreign transactions." These and similar sentences in his speech were supplemented by Mr. Austen Chamberlain on the same occasion. The Foreign Secretary has bidden us recollect that no country in the world is far distant from the British Empire, that every nation is somewhere or another our next-door neighbour; and he has acknowledged it to be his own imperative duty to "preserve the diplomatic unity of the Empire." In these two speeches, by the Premier and the Foreign Secretary, we find a just conception of the task that lies before the new Government. It is not a merely domestic task; at any moment it is affected by the course of events in the outside world, and particularly by developments in the Overseas Empire.

This should not mean that the eyes of our statesmen may be averted from the grave and urgent problems of this island while they seek to restore prosperity for a shell-shocked world or disarm the remotely future organization of the Empire. Nothing would be less like Conservative policy. An excessive preoccupation with setting foreign nations on their feet, sometimes at the risk of setting Great Britain on her back, was the error of the Socialists. And as for the interminable discussion of the status and inter-relation of Dominions and Dependencies, it is congenial to the manufacture of paper Constitutions rather than to a Party concerned with the realities of the Empire's life. What the policy implicit in the speeches of Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Chamberlain really means is that our home affairs cannot be dealt with in isolation, as if all the materials of national reconstruction were here at hand and as if no outside forces could check or facilitate the work. In looking outwards to the circumference of the Empire we have to make sure that we stand on firm ground. We must be sound at the core before we can either aid the outlying portions of the Empire or expect active co-operation from them.

Of the economic betterment of the island much has been said of late and much more will be said in the near future. It may be well to remind ourselves that some political reconstruction is also necessary. We have been delivered, as by a miracle, though, indeed, no miracle would have been wrought if Conservatives had not exerted themselves, from the perils of a succession of short-lived minority Governments. There is no longer the danger of incessant changes of policy in a country which vitally needs continuity and in an Empire which cannot yield early to-morrow what is sown late to-day. Time has been given us. Among the uses to which we must put it is that of restoring the Constitution to a condition in which future recklessness of experiment will be checked, if not prevented. Part of such a programme must be the cautious reform and the restoration of full authority of a body far better acquainted, by reasons of its Members' experi-

ence, with Imperial affairs than the House of Commons. The problem of the House of Lords cannot be kept waiting much longer for solution. But apart from this matter of Constitutional machinery, we have to give the Empire the assurance that the traditional order of society has been permanently saved, and that this is not merely a pause in the subversion of society dreamed of and worked for by the Socialists. The Empire was created by the enterprise of men who felt they were safe at home: it was the security of their base that encouraged the taking of necessary risks abroad. Menace industry and capital here in the island and you discourage commitments in the Empire overseas. Show the Dominions and Dependencies the spectacle of a Britain likely to plunge into fantastic experiments in nationalization and you diminish their belief in the advantages of close association with the fortunes of the island and set them thinking whether economic arrangements with some near foreign neighbour would not be more useful to them.

It is the desire of all generous spirits not to live to themselves, but to do something towards the making of a better world. Our own idealists, unhappily, never seem able to perceive the gigantic fact of the Empire, and conceive of the task of the idealist as the propping up of defaulting enemies and the preaching of an internationalism too vague to be of any practical worth. The Empire itself is a league of nations, with the advantage that the incentives to unity are a thousand times stronger than any operative from Geneva. To unify the Empire without violence to the natural and indeed ineradicable national feeling of its component parts is an enterprise vast enough for any worker in the cause of international amity. The British Crown is in the position of that imagined by Donne in a magnificent passage; it has north and south, east and west, winter and summer, at once within its dominions, and no Parliament of Men could muster a greater variety of human types than the Empire contains. To reconcile the many civilizations within its borders, and co-ordinate the ambitions of so many peoples, is enough to tax the highest statesmanship. And this enterprise differs from that to which those who are anti-nationalists rather than internationalists call us in that the thing is not merely a great opportunity, but a great necessity. It is not merely something that we may do to the benefit of the world; it is something that we must do if the island and the Empire are to endure.

## MR. ASQUITH'S MISAPPREHENSION

DURING the last few days the *Manchester Guardian* has been devoting considerable space in its columns to letters expressing the opinions of its correspondents regarding the catastrophe that has befallen the Liberal Party. On Wednesday of this week pride of place was given to a communication from the Hon. R. D. Denman, in which he implied that the Liberal Party should renounce its separate existence and seek absorption by Labour. "If there were any statesman of our time whose rare qualities of judgment and character," he wrote, "would have made the position of a balancing party workable, it was Mr. Asquith. Can we hope



that another will succeed where he has failed?" The emphatic negative inferred by Mr. Denman we believe to be the only possible answer to the question he puts. Neither Mr. Asquith nor anyone else could, in these islands and with this electorate, keep alive any political party standing as a buffer between two diametrically opposed creeds. Such a party of compromise was bound to end by compromising itself. The political genius of Great Britain is rooted in the two-party system; minority or group government stands no chance of survival in her soil. The old and tried system is deeply ingrained in her consciousness by long use and she will have no other. What we are witnessing now, as electoral disaster befalls Liberalism, is simply the inevitable and instinctive expression of this subconscious national conviction.

It is thus plainly futile to deplore it. The chief anxiety of those non-Liberal writers who have expressed concern for the decline of the Liberal Party has been based on a fundamental misconception. They have been apprehensive of the passing of a steadying force in English politics, the removal of a party which, to employ their own phraseology, stood midway betwixt the rash experimentalism of revolutionary doctrinaires and the blank reaction of Toryism. We believe this to be a totally unsound argument, but it is the argument adopted by the Liberal leader himself. In his speech to the Liberal Rump at the Reform Club last Monday, Mr. Asquith remarked that nothing, in his judgment, could be "more fatal to our future as a people than that our politics should degenerate into what could be represented as a perpetual duel between Conservatism on the one side and Socialism on the other." But why should it be fatal? Or, why, at all events, should it be more fatal than it was, for instance, in the first fourteen years of this century, when English politics could certainly be represented as a perpetual duel between Conservatism on the one side and Radicalism on the other? English politics, indeed, have been since Parliamentary Government began one long duel between two opposing parties. It is nothing new, and though it may not be, indeed obviously is not, the ideal mode of government, it has served this country tolerably well for some centuries, and for that very reason will continue so to serve her. It has become her political second nature.

When we say that Liberalism is dead we mean as a party, not as a principle. There remains, of course, a large body of opinion in the country that can only be described as "Liberal" in outlook and thought; there is an able and very enthusiastic group of Liberal M.P.s and ex-M.P.s (now mostly the latter) who display intelligence and industry in doing political spadework of a really useful kind. This enthusiasm is far too vital to fizzle out; but it will not—protest as it may, it cannot—remain where it is, compact and isolated from the other parties, because the country will not have it.

The Press has found many reasons for the Liberal decline. It has been widely attributed to the resentment of the electors at Mr. Asquith's mistake in putting the Socialists into power. Equally widely it has been attributed to his mistake in not keeping them there. The fact is that a centre party stands no chance of survival in Great

Britain. The brains, the enthusiasm of the Liberal Party will have eventually to find a home elsewhere. Some of them—most of them, maybe—will find satisfaction, according to Mr. Denman's suggestion, under the wing of Labour. There they will add the weight of their learning and their restraint to the moderating influences of that party. Others, the Imperialists, will sooner or later find their way into the Conservative camp. The two-party system will reassert itself completely. The Liberal Party as such will have disappeared, but the fundamental political divisions of the nation will remain unaltered. The war speeded everything up, politics included; politically the whole nation, Left and Right alike, took a step further towards the Left. As a result of it the Conservatives are less conservative, the Radicals more radical. But the two chief parties remain, despite temporary and new-fangled labels, essentially Radical or Conservative. The Radical element has for the moment and in part embraced Socialist doctrines—whether "for keeps" it is yet too early to say; the Conservative element has advanced so far along the road of democracy that many of its proposed measures to-day might have been considered rash by the Liberal of yesterday. But political England remains, and will remain, roughly divided into the two camps of opposing ideas whose "perpetual duel" Mr. Asquith views with such concern. Into one or other of these two boxes all politicians will inevitably have to assort themselves. The labels can be adjusted afterwards.

## MIDDLE ARTICLES

### LORD BERTIE\*

By A. A. B.

DIPLOMATISTS are of two kinds, the suave and the sardonic. Lord Bertie was of the second sort. His birth and breeding showed in the you-be-damned style, made fashionable by the late Lord Hartington, whom Disraeli deliciously dubbed "Harty-Tarty." Sir Francis Bertie struck terror into bashful clerks and young attachés by his occasionally lurid language. His ignorance of literature and politics was only equalled by his contempt for the practitioners of those arts. I remember meeting him at dinner in the 'nineties, and mentioning as a coming man Mr. Augustine Birrell. "Who's Birrell?" asked the great official, "I never heard of him." Lord Hardinge (a connexion by marriage) summed up his character in two words. Writing to him in Paris his relative said, "You are pretty difficult to manage when you are ill, as you are hardly easy when you are well." That was it: Bertie was a man "hardly easy" to get on with. These defects of education and manners nowise impaired his value as Under-Secretary of the Foreign Office and Ambassador at Paris. In the discharge of his public duties Lord Bertie was energetic, strictly truthful, as straight as a die, tenacious to the point of obstinacy, and quite fearless. His discretion, so necessary to one in his position, was not difficult for him owing to his taciturnity, for he was one of those men who didn't want to talk, except to intimates. He was no respecter of persons, and on principle would be ruder to a Duke than to a Labour M.P. With a courage rare in public men nowadays, Lord Bertie refused to be

\* 'The Diary of Lord Bertie 1914-1918.' Edited by Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, with a Foreword by Viscount Grey of Fallodon. Hodder and Stoughton. 2 Vols. 42s. net.

interviewed either by Pressmen or by political intriguers, and when Tardieu, by the intervention of Pichon, sent to ask for an appointment, the Ambassador replied that he would be glad to receive him as a friend of Pichon, but that if he came "il lui parlerait de la pêche." The French loved Lord Bertie, as may be seen from the letters written to him on his retirement in 1918 by Poincaré, Clemenceau, Jules Cambon, and Albert Thomas. And well the French might love him. Of all the *Jusqu'au boutistes* of the time, Bertie was the most unshakable. He hated a Hun with as much intensity as Nelson used to hate a Frenchman. Around the British Embassy there surged up a tide of *défaitistes*, pacifists, Labour members, International Socialists, and compromisers of all kinds. They beat in vain against the rock of Bertie's immovable, and truly British, resolution. There was no figure comparable to this sturdy friend of France, except perhaps Clemenceau. What a splendid old man the latter was! Albert Thomas, the Socialist leader, once threatened him that if he did not take a certain course there would be a general strike. "At any rate you will not be in it," said Clemenceau. "Why not?" asked Thomas. "Because I would have you shot long before it began." There spoke the real War Minister. Granting that the *Jusqu'au boutistes* were right, and that it would not have been better for the belligerents and the world to make peace in 1916 or 1917, a conclusion which seems less certain every year that passes, Lord Bertie was an ideal War Ambassador.

This Diary will be more interesting twenty or fifty years hence. It covers the same ground as Colonel Repington, with this difference. Colonel Repington wrote from London, and interlarded his opinions of the war with the spicy gossip of English society and the intrigues of English politicians. Lord Bertie was at the disadvantage of having nothing to enliven the record of the war but the rare dinners of Parisian Society and the quite tiresome struggles of French politicians. No Englishman cares a rap about the triumphs and defeats of Poincaré, Painlevé, Ribot, or Briand; the scandals of Caillaux, and Bolo, and Malvy, are no longer exciting. The truth is that this Diary is, and inevitably must be, a cold hash of events too familiar, which, for the time being at all events, we should all like to forget. These two volumes have been published too soon; their facts are "baked meats"; the comments on those facts, though made by a man at the centre, are a string of *choses jugées*. Who cares any more to hear the arguments about the Dardanelles failure? Who wishes to be reminded of the shortage of shells in 1915? Of the squabbles between Kitchener and French? Or the quarrels between Lloyd George and Henry Wilson with Robertson and Haig? This informative Diary would be tiresome for the present-day reader were it not for the picturesque patches of humorous observation, of which the following are samples:

I met Asquith, and he and his son-in-law came to dinner. We were four only. He made himself very pleasant, and I gave him Pol Roger of 1893 and some sherry which had lain at Voisin's over forty years.

One can hear the chuckle of the old cynic as he wrote these words. Here is a picture of Tay Pay:

T. P. O'Connor, one of the Inter-Parliamentary lot, has been with me for over an hour: he took snuff all the time, and it dropped all over the place—not very good inhalation for me. After he had gone, I sent for damp tea leaves to sweep up his leavings on the carpet!

Here is a sketch of a war conference at Downing Street in 1917:

Carson, next to whom I was, dozed from time to time, as did also Arthur Balfour, from boredom. Bonar Law was wide awake, as also Lloyd George, who was quick as a mongoose. Milner looked worn. Henderson was sphinx-like. Smuts was stolid and silent.

The same sense of staleness hangs about Lord Bertie's comments on the Peace Conference of Ver-

sailles after he had retired in 1918. The criticisms on President Wilson, on the army of experts and typists and secretaries with which Mr. Lloyd George invaded Paris, on the insane folly of postponing the settlement of Europe to the drafting of the Covenant of the League of Nations, are shrewd enough. But have we not heard them all before? And has anything better been said of that Dunciad of diplomacy, the Treaty of Versailles, than the witty Frenchman's epigram, "Le Traité de Paix a tous les germes d'une guerre juste et durable"?

The present Lord Bertie has written to the papers to say that this Diary has been published without his knowledge or consent. Lord Bertie has a right to be angry. Apart from the want of good feeling and taste in publishing a father's diary without consulting his son, Lord Bertie may justly resent his father's candid opinion of living statesmen, like Lord Balfour and Messrs. Asquith and Lloyd George, being given to the world. Such an impertinence is, I think, without precedent in biography.

### THE ECHOING GREEN

IT is a reality, not a dream. Yet it lies more remote than El Dorado or Cloud-Cuckoo-Land, and by no adventure can you capture it again. Come, then, mild ladies in drawing-rooms and fierce, prosperous gentlemen in clubs—over this, and this alone, we can let ourselves go without rebuke or self-reproach: let us loosen the laces of egoism, and shed the tears of sensibility. Childhood! Blest period of artlessness and innocence! There is no restraint upon the fantasies we may weave about it, in the lack of good, honest, sober recollection. Hollow enough are these palaces indeed, trim and ghostly the garden of our pretence: those are not children, but apes of childishness, who smirk along the alleys and strike attitudes on the stairs. Yet what would you? We invent, because we cannot remember. We cannot remember, because the very stuff of memory has altered: the instrument cannot be reconciled with the stuff in which it would work: and what we evoke is not at all what happened. The child is father of the man, but with an improvident paternity. The gulf between the young and the mature is so wide that it is never crossed; the journey of life is its own Rubicon, and we burn our boats at every step. Thus, because there is no crossing, there is no re-crossing; our backward glance is inexpert and misty; we must tell ourselves a fairy-tale, and pretend to believe it, and proceed.

Nevertheless, we are not without evidence. On this matter, as on others, the artist and the poet can show us the truth which we should never find for ourselves. Mr. Milne\* has projected himself miraculously through the years, recreating moods of delight and misgiving: Mrs. MacCarthy,† too, has that sort of memory which is the same as creation—which overcomes the impotence of the temporal instrument, and conjures up scenes of eternal application and universal validity. Indubitably Mr. Milne has given us the best thing of its kind since Stevenson's 'Child's Garden': like Stevenson, he can direct upon objects the candid stare of the child: like Stevenson, he can find for what he sees a language appropriately rhythmical and romantic. These, as far as we can guess from observation, are the three qualities of the young mind. It is realist, because it does not question the right of anything to be there. It is romantic, not because it finds wonder implied in fact, like the self-conscious adult, but because it accepts the fact as wonderful. And all its thoughts go to a tune.

\* 'When We Were Very Young.' By A. A. Milne. With decorations by Ernest H. Shephard. Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.

† 'A Nineteenth Century Childhood.' By Mary MacCarthy. Heinemann. 6s. net.



Stevenson's child, counting his treasures, laid peculiar stress upon a chisel,

both handle and blade,  
Which a man who was really a carpenter made.

That "really" stands for everything, since to be really anything is itself romance. Mr. Milne shows a similar discernment in his analysis of stairs:

Halfway down the stairs  
Is a stair  
Where I sit.  
There isn't any  
Other stair  
Quite like  
It.  
I'm not at the bottom,  
I'm not at the top;  
So this is the stair  
Where  
I always  
Stop.

If we can still see the logic of that "so," we are not altogether exiled from the morning. Mr. Milne has higher and rarer flights: but this flight of stairs should suffice him for immortality.

Mrs. MacCarthy hardly goes so far back. When we first meet her, she is already seven, and adding the words "delirium tremens" and "vitriol" to her vocabulary; and before we part from her, she has danced to the 'Blue Danube' Valse in pink satin and attended the funeral of Queen Victoria in black. "I do not want," she says, at the end, "to become one of those who only live with departed shades and quiet memories. I want to live in the present." This keenness makes the charm and value of her book: only those who live in the present can give vitality to the past. She had, no doubt, exceptionally attractive material for memory—Mr. Shorthouse calling, and a sister who did lessons for Mr. Cory: Eton and Windsor, music and comfort, the ample and secure life of the leisured and cultured. But all these delightful details would but arrange themselves in a dead pattern, if the child were not a living child.

The name, 'A Nineteenth Century Childhood,' might have had a different significance. They were nineteenth century children who were entrusted to Mr. Wackford Squeers: nor must we forget how Dickens himself insisted that "Mr. Squeers and his school are faint and feeble pictures of an existing reality, purposely subdued and kept down lest they should be deemed impossible." They were nineteenth century children whom Lamb called "dim specks—poor blots—innocent blacknesses"—those chimney-sweepers who, he said, "from their little pulpits (the tops of chimneys), in the nipping air of a December morning, preach a lesson of patience to mankind." Patience!—But it stands to the credit of the nineteenth century that between its beginning and its end there was a noble change: it brought not patience, but the opposite, to bear upon the fantastic ill-treatment of children. You may doubt progress and make a mock of many inventions, but here is something incontrovertibly to the good. What is the impulse to this amelioration? Scarcely, we think, a reverence for the intimations of immortality which Platonists sing:

Happy those early days, when I  
Shined in my Angel-infancy!

It is a good doctrine, but mankind has been wont to pit against it a conviction of original sin, and to draw no consistent lesson from the conflict. Nor may we attribute much influence to the easy sentimentality which contributes smiles or tears to false reminiscence, but averts its gaze from fact: there is nothing more detestable than the habit of regarding children as objects for physical and mental fondling—not separate, immortal entities, but toys and mirrors of complacency. Nor, again—though here we are close to the secret—is mere tenderness towards the helpless a sufficient explanation: for towards the special help-

lessness of children there is a special movement of the heart, linked with who knows what implicit loyalties and undecipherable memories of the blood. Discount all sentimentality, and still much room for emotion remains. The adult lives again in the child, but his taste for much rejuvenescence need not be egoistic:

Such, such were the joys  
When we all, girls and boys,  
In our youth time were seen  
On the Echoing Green.

So say the old folk in Blake's song: we may credit them with some apprehension more profound than that of a resemblance to themselves. Not they, but the hurry of time to which they cannot call a halt, must furnish the text for their moralizing over children's play: the pathos of youth, which runs to become age, is greater than the pathos of age achieved. We are all in a difficult world together, but these children, our kinsfolk, partners, successors, know so little of what it means: their innocence, their ignorance of helplessness, touches us more closely than the fact that they are weak. Precisely because we cannot recall innocence—because, when we would summon up the past, we see only phantoms and take our refuge in theory and pretence—we must suffer in our own persons the loneliness that we recognize in theirs. Do what we may for them, they have needs that elude us: therefore, in the hearing of the mind, are passionately but sadly, mockingly prolonged those echoes which linger round the green where every generation has played.

B. B.

#### CAN IT LAST?

WITH this question the Briton in his native land greets the unusual spectacle of sunny weather as he uncurtains his bedroom window to a new day. Those whose thoughts are guided by economic necessity or by mere curiosity to the affairs of the Continent, find often the same question on their lips when they open their Atlas and observe that fine splash of boldly contrasted colour which indicates contemporary Europe. So much more friendly and cheerful it looks than the map we were brought up on! Gone is that great dull patch of green, the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. In its place a yellow Austria, an orange Hungary, an azure Poland, and an apple-green Czechoslovakia spread their feathers proudly to the sun. And then turn your eyes to that feast of colour along the Baltic Sea where little autonomies glitter like Japanese lanterns hung up beside a garden lake. Nothing could be prettier—unless perhaps the Balkan peninsular. There the rather monotonous Turkish carpet, rolled back piece by piece through eight score years, has revealed a pavement gay like that of Siena Cathedral. True, together with the carpet one or two nice little rugs have been consigned to history's store-house. The principality of the Black Mountain—alas, for all its daintiness it could not be made to fit in with the new colour scheme. The Sanjak of Novibazar lives only in memory. But we cannot complain. The map of Europe is to-day a far more decorative object than that of ten years ago, unless at that distant date you had one of those not quite fair specimens which marked the constituent kingdoms, dukedoms, and principalities of the German, Austrian, Turkish, and Russian empires in various colours.

Lovely, in truth, but can it last? It has been very generally assumed in the last six years that it cannot. Germans have declared that it cannot and shall not: Britons and Italians that, regret it as we may, it hardly can: Frenchmen that it must whether it can or no. And perhaps France's rather forlorn affirmations have done as much as Germany's truculent



negatives to make Europe suspect that its present boundaries are very provisional indeed.

Of a certainty the 1919 map cannot last in its entirety for ever. In the *Ægean* it has already undergone radical revision. Let us run our eye from West to East and see where the walls thrown up since 1914 are wearing thin. We can ignore Ireland, and we can leave the Iberian peninsula, which both for the present lie outside the inter-active system of Europe. Where the frontiers of Belgium, France, Switzerland, and Italy stand locked in firm resistance to the pressing tide of Germanism we become aware for the first time of Dame History, with her little hammer, busy about the bastions. Is she plumbing and consolidating, or is she disrupting? From Aix-la-Chapelle to Strassburg she seemed no long time back to be bent solely on the latter task. To-day she works in more sober wise, forgetting last year's mad escapades in the Rhineland and the Palatinate. The fate of the Saar is going to give some trouble in 1934, but there is no reason to suppose that more than wordy warfare will be waged around it. Alsace and Lorraine are not happy under their new masters: but the virtual absence of any desire to go back to Germany is about as stiff a comment as could be made on the ineptitude of German policy in these provinces after 1870. That policy has hitherto been imitated with unfortunate precision by Signor Mussolini in his own frontier province of German nationality which forms the southern sector of the Latin-German front. The prospect, however, of fresh contests of force on this front is happily remote. It is only when we get a little further eastward to the German-Slav and Magyar-Slav frontiers that we need to be very much on the alert.

Not long ago Europe's worst perils seemed to lurk in the truncated survivals bearing the ancient names of Austria and Hungary. Whoever visited these countries returned with a strong impression that "something was soon going to happen" which would make the Versailles map look very silly. Austria's economic difficulties, and the absence of any national spirit in the Republic, seemed to render her continued existence wellnigh impossible. Hungary, on the other hand, with no radical economic difficulties, suffered from an excess of patriotism which threatened to surround her for ever with a wall of ill will. Nobody can say that Austria's prospects are now particularly cheerful. The past year has shown that the uncritical optimism displayed in 1923 was grotesquely misplaced. Still there seems little doubt that with pluck and energy the Austrian people will win their way through hard times to a stable existence in their present boundaries, while strange to say the national spirit which was so wanting but three years ago has to some extent been called into being by the League of Nations.

Hungary has not, like Austria, to live by importing raw materials which are difficult to buy and transforming them into finished goods which are difficult to sell. Part of Budapest has to live in this way, but while a third of all Austrians live in Vienna, Budapest houses less than an eighth of all Hungarians. Perhaps it was Hungary's lucky misfortune that despite this she fell into an economic plight from which only the League of Nations could rescue her. Economic need induced in the Magyars a disposition to face facts squarely, which Czech and Ruman menaces had on the contrary persistently stifled. You will not easily find a Magyar in Budapest to-day who will allow that the frontiers of his country are otherwise than farcical: but you will probably find a majority who have no inclination to change them forcibly. In the theatres patriotic songs of pugnacious import are still rapturously applauded. In Magyar bookshops you see the map of pre-war Hungary with present-day Hungary, a modest black patch in the middle, and underneath the legend, "No, never." But the

average Magyar seems rather privately to think, "Yes, for the present." His contempt for the Rumanians, his sense of his own superiority to the Jugoslavs, and his detestation of the Czechs remain pretty much the same. But how many aeroplanes could reach Budapest from Prague in four hours? . . . The Magyar has got some sense of what is and what is not to be achieved, and for the moment seems to have dropped the idea of shedding his blood for the unachievable.

Besides Austria, there are contiguous to Hungary the three states of the Little Entente, Rumania, Czechoslovakia, and Jugoslavia, in whose territories are comprised one and a half million, three-quarters of a million, and half a million Magyars, respectively. Each of these countries has its own pretty serious internal difficulties. Jugoslavia is perhaps the healthiest, because the rash is out and clearly visible. All the world knows of the feud between the patriotic but narrow and corrupt clique who ruled little pre-war Serbia and want to rule greater Jugoslavia in the same primitive fashion, and those who insist that the most backward part of the state must not be allowed unchecked control over the whole. "It is like having France annexed to Morocco," the Croats tell you of the present relations between Serbia and Croatia. Still he would be a decided pessimist who saw any immediate threat to the unity and integrity of South Slavia in the present passionate quarrels.

Czechoslovakia's position is not quite so clear. She is dangerously over-industrialized, and just awaking to the fact that her economic strength is not anything like up to the standard claimed in Czech official propaganda. The movement of the Slovaks for autonomy is not, as such movements go, a serious one, but if mishandled may develop into such. The three and a quarter million Germans, who represent in Czechoslovakia such learning and culture as a good board-school education does not provide, are a much greater problem. The Czech attitude towards their German fellow subjects has hitherto been that of Catullus's famous verse, "Nec possum cum te vivere nec sine te." Still, when all is taken into account, the likelihood of a collapse of the entity Czechoslovakia is little less remote than a collapse of Jugoslavia.

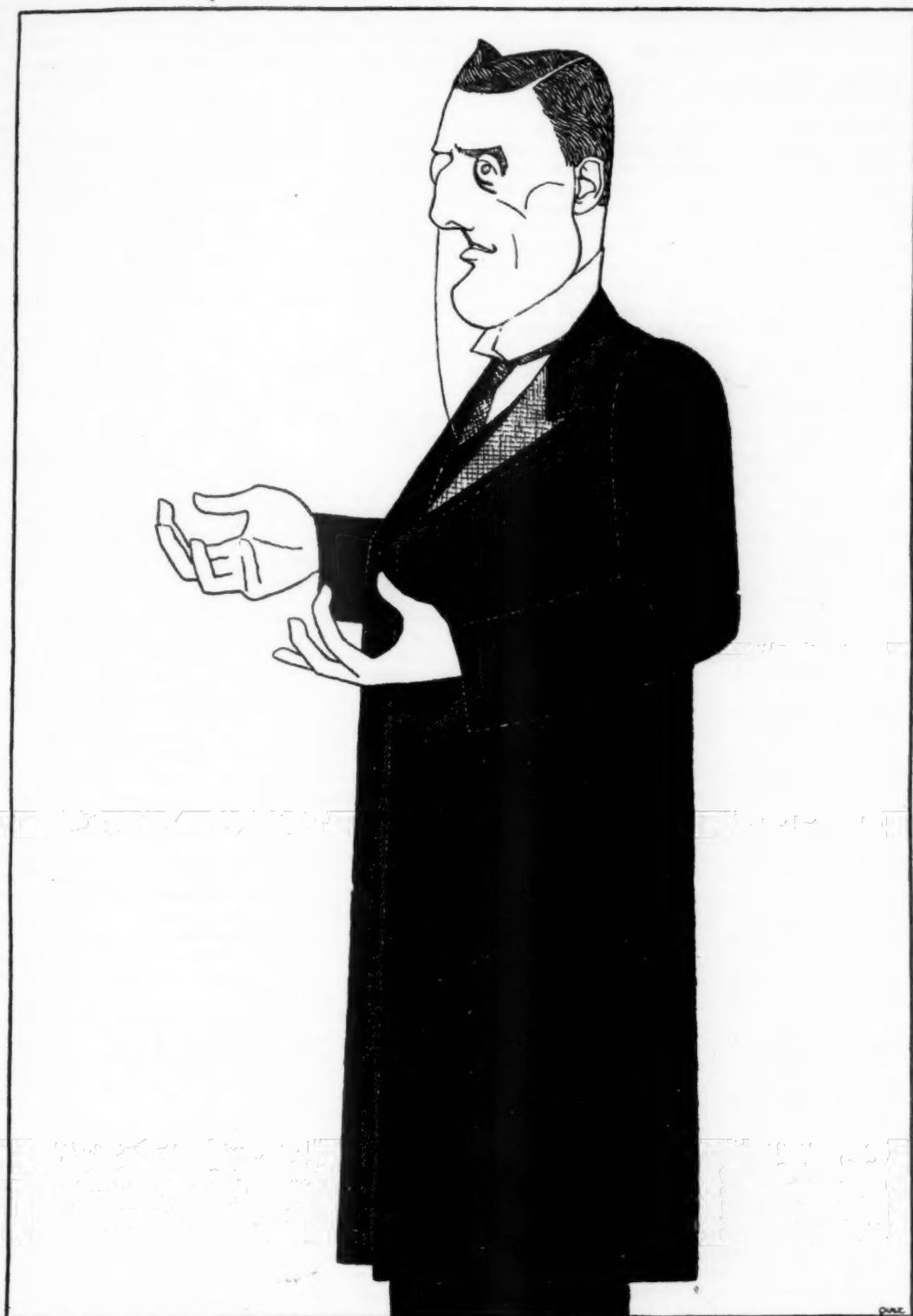
The weak points in the map lie still further eastwards in Poland and Rumania. Whatever the rights and wrongs of Rumania's claim to Bessarabia, there is no doubt that her occupation of that province has been accompanied by stupid and odious abuses which will make it fairly easy for Russia, at some not far distant moment, to take back to her bosom the fertile Black Sea province. She may well accomplish this without any display of military force—by simply exploiting the hatred now felt by the Bessarabian peasant against his masters at Bukarest.

Of Poland's shakiness it is scarcely needful to speak. Europe has permitted a national Polish state to come into being which is but half inhabited by Poles, and whose frontiers are so drawn as positively to compel each adjacent state to keep an eye ever open for the chance of a change. Sandwiched between the two most powerful racial groups in Europe and odious to both, with an angry little Lithuania poised on top, and only a comparatively tolerant Czechoslovakia underneath, no wonder Poland suffers frequently from nerves.

Poland and Rumania—these are the two countries of which the cautious will refrain from buying expensive maps at the present moment. Were maps of Albania purchasable commodities we should add Albania to the list, since it is highly likely that as Signor Mussolini's throne becomes increasingly precarious, his eye will fasten more covetously upon Vallona.

But on the whole to purchase a map of post-war Europe is no longer too reckless a gamble.

C. J. S. S.



Dramatis Personæ. No. 125.

By 'Quis.'

THE RT. HON. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.

H.M. SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS

## THE THEATRE

## TWO TRIPS NORTH

BY IVOR BROWN

*Clogs to Clogs.* By John Walton. The Everyman Theatre.  
*Sinners.* By Lawrence Cowen. The Fortune Theatre.

ACCORDING to Lancashire the circular trip from clogs to clogs takes three generations. Grandfather works in the mill and works till he owns it; father becomes too big for his new-found boots and owns till he loses it; son must abandon leather and clatter back to the mill-gates at the dictation of the buzzer and with wood to his feet. Mr. Walton has short-circuited the routine, reducing the family journey of the Simisters to a matter of three weeks and two days. But, though the pace is hot, the time of the occurrence was indeed amazing. The gambling in cotton shares that ravaged Lancashire like a fever in 1919-20, is a piece of social fact that so far has been neglected by our dramatists who prefer to write about anything rather than actuality.

The thing was grotesque, "not peace but pyrotechny," as Mr. Brighthouse has called it. An industry that had hitherto been as local in its finance as in its habitation, became the prey of London commercial adventurers, who saw in the sudden world demand for cloth after the inevitable shortages of war a chance to teach Lancashire a lesson in getting rich quick. It was impossible to build and equip new mills, so the old changed hands at giddy prices. The adventurers' game was to get out as quickly as they had got in and with credit liberal and war-wealth still abundant they had no difficulty in finding the dumping-grounds for absurdly over-valued stock. In the cotton trade it has been the tradition that every mill-hand carries the equivalent of a field-marshal's baton and the workers threw in their savings to dance in the orgy of speculation. At Oldham a special share-exchange was opened and kept open through the Christmas holidays of 1919. Jewellers' shops glittered through half the night. The Simisters of this play, getting ten pounds for each share they had once bought with a week's beer-money, are typical of this frenzy which coursed with a mad infection through dour and canny chapel-going stock.

Then the banks grew frightened and began to restrict credit. Inflation ceasing and the first rush of peacetime orders with it, the bubble was pricked and Lancashire was left with a burden of fantastically over-capitalized mills, on some of whose shares calls are still being made. One has only to glance at the financial columns of a Lancashire paper to-day to see the legacy of this firework finance. "Soaring Rocket Mill. Directors announce a loss. No dividend, the same as six months ago. Call of 1s. 3d. on each share to be made." Clogs have come back to clogs with a vengeance.

There are tragic values to be found in the bursting of our north-west bubble, but Mr. Walton has decided for comedy. The two are not far distant as a rule, both deriving from frustration, dashed hopes, and tumbled triumphs. The gulf between comedy and farce always seems greater to me than the gulf between comedy and tragedy. For that reason I can only deplore the antics of the Simisters in their second state, that is their state of glory. I do not believe that a mill-hand in a rush of prosperity takes his clothing from the wardrobe of a revue-comedian and appears in a golfing suit of monstrous check inflamed about the middle by a waistcoat of scarlet. I do not believe that his shrewd little wife would knot herself into some unmanageable hoop of finery and I am not to be amused by maid-servants of the imbecile giggle. Granted that the Simisters made fools of themselves when five shillings became ten pounds in a night I do not imagine them in a parlour where Mr. Salteena would be normal.

At the same time I suspect that Mr. Walton did not intend the Simisters' translation to be so drastic. May not his producers and actors have resolved that it was their duty to be funny and so have erred and strayed for duty's sake? This toppling of comedy into farce was a serious mistake, because it destroyed the possibility of any future blend of comedy and tragedy and it was exactly on the borderland between these two that the family should have marched. There was a real chance, in the Simisters' excursion into prosperity and in their sad return, for the tears that give point to laughter and the laughter that gives point to tears; it was so perfectly a borderland case. Once admit the guffaw of farce and sympathy flies out of the window. That is a pity, for Mr. Walton has the root of the matter in him, knows, thinks, and feels Lancashire, and has a first-rate dramatic subject.

But not wholly spoilt. From Mr. Clifford Mollison, as young Simister, he received most ample justice. Mr. Mollison, one remembers, with the Reandean Company, doing suave old clerks and curious, twisted senile things. Now suddenly he emerged as the unlicked cub of the mill, a bit of young Lancashire from the life. This was a perfect glimpse of the urban oaf, not blankly benign as his country cousin might be, but acquisitive in a rough-edged way, the stuff that "mugs" are made of, a morsel of book-makers' provender, and as raw a lout as ever paraded his High Street with a sportive, amorous intent. Mr. Mollison walked right into the heart of Lancashire while several of his colleagues were hardly out of London. Moreover he never was guilty of tomfoolery or "pressing," as a golfer would say. When he was out of clogs and shod in "patent" the assumption of the grandiose was a perfect exhibition of fine shades. Here was acting indeed, the player moulding himself into the very form and fashion of callowness in a stiff collar.

'Sinners' also takes us to the north country. This time it is Northumberland and a melancholy corner of the shire too. By the waters of Tweed our sinners sat down and wept and they had good reason to cry their eyes out and cry "Havoc" up and down the farm. For Cornelius, the Welsh invader, had come to do queer things with mortgages, to flay his own wife, and usurp his neighbour's. As often as he ended a sentence with "intet" he began a new assault on virtue. Women yielded to him, even though he should have been at the war instead of carrying on his nefarious business as usual. However, just as he had poor Mrs. Foster at his mercy, Foster was being transported by the Great Northern Railway on unexpected leave from the front. Then Foster's friend came in to help the grand revenge, and this was an ally of exceptional parts. He was a wandering Serb who combined immense reserves of platitudinous conversation with a certain nimbleness in action. In Siberia he had strangled his warder without a sound and without a scruple. One immediately began to tremble for the Welshman's neck.

The trouble about the Serb with the clutching hand was his tendency to think too much upon the event and to philander with a simpering V.A.D. The more he prosed away over his eternal cigarettes the more did one crave some fire from this smoke. At last, however, the Welshman walked into the trap; the Serb's hand closed upon the guilty throat and then took Gladstone bag and ticket for London with the knowledge of service rendered and a maiden heart well won. Whereupon Mr. and Mrs. Foster looked out upon the fells and some land-girls broke into song.

This is not the sort of play for any theatre, least of all for a new one. Mr. Lawrence Cowen has both built the new playhouse and created the first tenant. Exceeding gratitude for the former deed may urge us to forget the latter; thankfully to swallow the inhabitant because of his habitation may be courtesy, but it is hardly criticism. The actors plodded gamely through it and Messrs. Stephen Ewart and H. A. Saintsbury fought hard to prevent a murder becoming mirth's lawful occasion.



## REVIEWS

## WALKERS IN DARKNESS

*The Black Horse.* By Boris Savinkoff. Translated, with a Foreword, by Sir Paul Dukes. Williams and Norgate. 5s. net.

WHOEVER reads this book will have his feelings harrowed but will emerge from the ordeal purged by the pity and terror of true tragedy. It is written in the form of fiction, but it gives a first-hand and obviously authentic picture of Russia under the twin miseries of Communism and revolt against Communism. The whole story bears the sterling mark of autobiography. The author's real name is Ropshin, a writer who has spent his life in revolt, first against the Tsars and then against the tyranny that succeeded Tsardom. His narrative, despite its horror and gloom, is touched to beauty by his pen.

We meet Nikolaievitch first as an exile invading his own country. We see him, a "revolutionary," leading a regiment of the White Army against the Reds, riding bridle to bridle with men who had fought as officers of the Tsar, against whom he had plotted and planned. He is under the orders of stupid and corrupt "Generals" at the base, scheming to set up the cardboard figure of an Emperor. They believe they are fighting for Russia, but some are fighting for revenge, some for estates, some simply for reaction:

Goroff's son was killed and his home burned. Vrede's father was murdered. So was Fedia's mother. I understand their hatred of the Reds. But I—why do I hate them?

He hardly knows. But the Reds have "betrayed Russia." They care less for their country than for the cigarette between their lips. They have polluted her customs, her tongue, her faith, her very name. For their farthing's worth of happiness they are selling the heritage of his fathers. They are utterly selfish. Yet what of his Whites? Are they not, too, corrupt? If they are no worse they are certainly no better than their enemies:

Do I really believe in victory? . . . I fear the day when we shall take to our heels like a herd of sheep. And we shall take to our heels because our love for Moscow is a selfish love.

He has no illusions, save one. He loves Moscow, over whose towers the Reds hold sway, and in Moscow he loves Olga, and Moscow and Olga are far off, and the Red army lies between. He hates the Reds most of all because of Moscow and Olga, and in his exile his love and his hatred grow stronger together and fatten on one another:

Moscow is the beginning and the end of my life. I know no home and no existence but in Moscow, with its alleys, its cathedrals, its Kremlin, its riches, honours, humiliations, and misery. The crosses glitter on the churches, the sleighs hiss over the snow. The morning frost makes patterns on the windows, and the bells call to matins at the Strastnoy Monastery. I love Moscow. It is part of me.

That is an excellent piece of writing, conveying, even in translation, most effectively the atmosphere of the city—the sparkling frosty morning, the muted traffic, and leisured piety.

The time comes when the Whites do indeed "take to their heels like a herd of sheep." (This "herd" of sheep is one of the few flaws in an excellent translation.) Nikolaievitch and his immediate confederates seek the seclusion of the forests and within the gloomy tree-fortress plan newer revolts. There was never any hope in the Whites: the peasantry is Russia's only hope. Nikolaievitch organizes the "Greens," little groups of peasant bandits who live the lives of outlaws, shooting a Red here and there and doing what they can to interfere with Communism. They believe they are helping Russia, but their odd bullets are mere pinpricks and they are only adding to the misery and confusion. Nikolaievitch is left grappling with an overwhelming sense of hopelessness. He is a poet and once hated killing:

"Do not kill." . . . Once these words pierced me like a dagger. Now . . . now they seem to me like a lie. "Do not kill"—but everyone kills. All around is blood. The gory juice flows and splashes even the bridles of the horses. Man lives and breathes murder, wandering in bloody darkness and dying in bloody darkness. . . Then what is repentance for? That cowards, who fear to kill and tremble at their own death, may talk idly of the Commandments of the New Testament? A bitter farce—oh, is it not a bitter farce!

The hand of brother is against brother. All welter together in bloody darkness, killing because they must kill, yet knowing not why. And it seems now to Nikolaievitch, the poet, who hated blood, that the blood-guiltless has the greater sin.

All believe they are fighting for Russia, the Reds believe it, the Greens, the Whites. But Nikolaievitch has lost his illusions:

How hard it is to live without "uplifting self-deceit!" And it is harder still to fight. Grusha fought for her life. What am I fighting for?

I believe in no "programmes" and still less in "leaders." I, too, am fighting for life and for the right to exist on earth. I fight like a wild beast, with claws, teeth, and blood. I said, "on earth." I don't mean "on earth," I mean in Russia and only in Russia. Let it be a half-dark garbage-pit! Still it is mine. Just as Olga is mine.

Olga and Moscow are his two illusions. But when he gets to Moscow he finds Olga has "gone Red" and Moscow has become a city of topsy-turvy tyranny. Fedia, one of the bandits, had already brought tidings of it to the forest:

"Well, I tell you," says Fedia, "people are people and live like people! They play roulette, they drink foreign liqueurs, they drive the girls around in Rolls-Royces. In one word, eat, drink and be merry! You go out, say about four o'clock—things are humming, busy as the devil—people in smart froshkis, speculators, commissars, prostitutes—strike me blind if it isn't just like before the war under the Tsar! Ho, ho, 'the workers' rule'—the devil it is!"

Nikolaievitch's eyes confirm Fedia's report. The scum is on top instead of the aristocracy; otherwise there is no change:

What should I care who "fattens"—that is, pillages—whether it be a Tsarist official or a "class-conscious Communist"! Man does not live by bread alone. What is it to me who rules the land, the Tsarist Okhrana or the Bolshevik Cheka? Like men, a nation reaps what it sows. And what, after all, has been changed? Nothing but names! And shall the sword be raised for vanity?

All are wrong, and all think they are right. All kill and plunder and burn, and justify their actions in the name of Russia. There are pitiful pictures of cruelty and degradation:

Robbery, killing and violence are strictly forbidden, under pain of death. But I happen to know that yesterday in the second squadron they were playing cards not for money, but for rings and jewellery; that Captain Zhgun pillaged a Jewish shop; that some of the men are gambling with American dollars; and that the mutilated corpse of a woman was found in the woods. Shoot them? I have already shot two. Can I afford to shoot half my regiment?

Or this:

Near Mogary I turned into the main road. I passed a familiar farm where my old friend the merchant Uya Korabieff has always lived. The orchard was empty. The stable was deserted. Not a soul was in the wide, cleanly swept yard. Only in the pond the ducks dabbled and splashed about in the water. But sitting on the fence I found a ten-year-old boy, dangling his bare sunburnt feet.

"Hello, don't you recognise me, Volodka?"

"Go away."

Go away! I love children, Volodka too. He always used to run out to meet me. He used to tell me about little boyish affairs, about the mullet, the cuckoos' nests, the rats, and the mare with the foal. But to-day he was downcast and gloomy. He looked askance at me, like a little wolf.

"Is dad in?"

He frowned and made no reply.

"Where is dad?"

"There isn't any dad . . . He's dead . . . The Reds came and killed him."

"What!" I exclaimed, taken aback.

"What are you waiting for?" he said angrily, "I've told you once—go away."

"And mother?"

Mother they had "taken away" with them.

"And are you left all alone?"

"I and the puppy . . . But go away, you fool. They may kill me too—how do I know?"

Where, then, is truth to be found? It is not in the Whites or the Reds or the Greens, nor in the old parties. Perhaps "in the factory, in the barracks, in the village, in the simple, unspoiled people." But we are left to wonder whether any good thing can come out of that mass of ignorance and superstition which is "the simple, unspoiled people," of Russia.

To us it is not given to know the times and seasons. But the motherland will rise—will rise by our blood, out of the secret places of the people . . .

It will not be we who shall measure our sin. But neither will it be we who shall measure our sacrifice. "And when he had opened the third seal, I heard the third living creature say, Come and see! And I beheld, and lo, a black horse; and he that sat thereon had a balance in his hand."

If he have not hope, at least he has faith.

### SIR NEVIL MACREADY

*Annals of an Active Life.* By General Sir Nevil Macready. Hutchinson. Two vols. 42s. net.

IT would perhaps be hazardous to set bounds to the versatility of a competent Adjutant-General. But a perusal of Sir Nevil Macready's autobiography confirms the opinion, held by all who have had the privilege of working under him, that there are two distinct limits to his capacities: he can't be dull and he can't be what Fanny Burney called "downed." One secret of his remarkable success, both as an organizer of victory and as a leader of men, is that he learnt early in his career that the two most important attributes for a Staff officer were "to be always cheery, and never to assume an air of fussy activity when there is in reality very little to do." He now tells the world the story of his forty years of military service, with the same cheery frankness that helped him through so many tight places and dreary heart-breaking hours. He reveals much and he criticizes much of the conduct of the European war and the later "campaign" in Ireland, but the most interesting thing in these fascinating volumes is the unconscious revelations of the author's own striking personality. There are on record few documents which throw more light on the methods by which the best type of British officer has always succeeded in gaining the trust and affection of his men than the speech which Sir Nevil Macready made to some three thousand members of the London police force at a time when disaffection was rife in its rank. This speech has always been understood to have played a very large part in restoring a healthy sense of discipline. It is printed here from the original shorthand notes exactly as it was spoken, without any touching-up. It occupies nearly forty pages. The military authorities might do much worse than get the author's leave to reprint it as a leaflet and put it into the hands of every Sandhurst and Woolwich cadet as a textbook in the art of "gentling" men. So it was, to compare small things with great, that Cæsar must have spoken to his troops when they were disheartened.

Sir Nevil Macready entered the Gordon Highlanders in 1881 and served with his regiment for just twenty years, which he describes briefly but vividly; his service included Tel-el-Kebir and the siege of Ladysmith. His first staff appointment was in 1901 in South Africa. In 1907 he came home to take up his first job at the War Office. There he soon made his mark, and he was selected for two delicate and difficult tasks of which he gives a full and entertaining account—first the command of the troops who were sent into Wales to preserve order during the colliery strike of 1910, and secondly the "special service" on which he was sent to Ireland in 1913-14 to report on the growing flame in Ulster. The policy that he advocated in Ireland was "Govern or get out"—exactly what Mr. Asquith would not do; alas, the Prime Minister thought there could be a "third alternative," a hope

which has led to so many disasters in the world's history. Sir Nevil Macready candidly says that he does not know what would have happened in Ulster if the war had not intervened—who does? But it did intervene, and he had long been ear-marked for the appointment of Adjutant-General with the Expeditionary Force. Early in 1916 he came home to take up the corresponding post in the War Office. His main duty was to oversee the supply of reinforcements, in regard to which he tells briefly many new and interesting facts. While disapproving of Sir Frederick Maurice's letter—discipline is always Sir Nevil Macready's strong suit—he shows that it was justified, in fact, the fighting strength of the troops in France on January 1, 1918, being actually 100,500 less than on the same date a year earlier.

After giving a lively account of the distasteful task of reorganizing the Metropolitan police, which, as has already been indicated, is a perfect gem of its kind, Sir Nevil Macready devotes the greater part of his second volume to the affairs of Ireland, where he was sent to command the forces in March, 1920. A real historical value attaches to his perfectly frank and unbiased account of the history of the next three years, through the rebellion, the truce, the treaty, and the final withdrawal of the British troops in December, 1922. The author is strongly convinced that a soldier's duty is to keep himself aloof from political bias, and his narrative of that extraordinary "campaign" from the point of view of Headquarters is transparently honest. While detesting the methods of the Irish gunmen as every soldier must, Sir Nevil Macready describes them dispassionately and draws dramatic thumbnail-sketches of such leaders as Arthur Griffith, Michael Collins, and Mr. de Valera. The historical importance of his narrative, combined with its immediate dramatic interest, should give these volumes a permanent place in our literature.

### NOT POETRY

*The Thirteenth Cæsar.* By Sacheverell Sitwell. Grant Richards. 6s. net.

ONE must declare at once that although it looks like poetry, sounds like poetry, indeed almost smells like poetry, 'The Thirteenth Cæsar' is most unendurably nothing of the kind. It is the production of a man very well read in poetry, familiar with its beauty, gesture and appeal, but so uncritical that he imagines his own caprices burn with the flame of that lively fire. Read here and there in a magazine Mr. Sitwell's verses have a bizarre interest, but when one is confronted by 112 pages of verbal contortions with such economy of idea, of emotion, of philosophy (and very often of sense, as in 'Snow and Wind') one feels hurt by the dullness so unkindly thrust upon us.

His range of similitude and poetic figure is limited to a few elements like bells, water, wind, boughs, glass, sun, oranges, and birds. We soak in this water, sweat under these suns, are oppressed by those bells, boughs, and birds, and choked by the very oranges. Then there is the "air, like glass, that breaks with a cry," or "the bearded starlight," or "the loud sun laughing," and such topsy-turvy imagery as in 'Orange Tree by Night':

If you feel for it pressing back the glossy leaves  
The fruit looks cold as if its sullen fire is dying.  
So red the ember that you scarcely dare to touch it;  
And when your fingers close upon its moonlike rind  
Clear must be the flavours like a hidden fountain  
Whose waters sparkle springing clear from out the rock.

A thing that looks at once cold and yet so hot, with a moonlike rind, might just as well be a hawk or a handsaw as an orange. It is possible, indeed it is probable, that Mr. Sitwell could so annotate and glossarize his work that we might apprehend his verbal meanings, even though his thought lay still far above

or below us, but that would not turn it into poetry, which is instant and simple and clear.

There is a long piece called 'Doctor Donne and Gargantua,' a very amusing idea for a title, but the poem itself is just fudge and fustian. There is a Variation of a Theme by Marlowe, from the 'Jew of Malta':

But how now stands the wind?  
Into what corner peers my halcyon's bill?

and that august utterance is degenerated into a wretched invitation to the halcyon to come and peck an apple! There are other variations from Pope, Milton and Lyly. It is very saddening, but then, as Mr. Sitwell says:

If no one will remember me, somehow I will make a note  
That smarts however strong the eyes  
And lodges there like dust to tingle.

To justify himself Mr. Sitwell prints a poem called 'Solo':

I move with my own music  
Like the spider spinning;  
And lift myself like she can  
On a skein I've spun;  
Or climb down,  
Spinning as I go, the rope that holds me:  
Thus I have a kind of life  
That's made by me and lived by me.

That pretentious creed is a cry from something which has no native home, is void of recognitions, and neither reacts nor responds to anything but its own digestive apparatus.

A. E. COPPARD

### A PLACE IN THE SUN

*From a Paris Balcony.* By Ernest Dimnet. Grant Richards. 8s. 6d. net.

TO the average English visitor the entry to Paris is the entry to paradox. He finds a city of extremes, a city nobly planned in a way that London is not, yet made terrible by its desperate lack of plan where human beings are concerned. Anarchic, rattle-trap taxis deserve disaster and avoid it; lumbering buses hustle their cacophonous course through lanes and alleys; there is no noise and no disorder like the tumult of Paris. And then, suddenly, there is no peace like the peace of Paris. The tourist turns into some mellow garden of the south bank or takes steamer to Saint Cloud; he walks in groves that are like logic planted and comes back at dusk into a city blossoming with light that seems as tranquil as a villa in Meudon. Then somebody takes him to dine in Montmartre, and he is plunged into the ugly racket of the Place Pigalle.

M. Dimnet, who has been revealing Paris to readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW over a period of sixteen years, looks out on the Paris of ripe years and unfretted havens. "Only Time is a Genius." If he guides us to dinner it is certainly not to the Place Pigalle, nor, on the south side, to the Rotonde, since "there you see rather frightening faces," but to nests of good cooking more serenely perched. For entertainment he does not take us to the boulevards or to that fashionable abomination, the sophisticated circus: but he explains style in acting and tells the truth about that fortress of tradition, the Comédie, as he tells it about the inspired sincerity of Copeau at the Vieux Colombier. He looks sadly from his balcony at demolished ramparts and shabby, sprawling suburbs with their "automatons whose inward visions are limited in the up-train to a counter at the Samaritaine store and in the down-train to a hideous brick villa, no doubt rejoicing in the name of Sam-Su-Fi." He looks sadly too at M. Herriot's interest in science and organization and his drive towards the Fabianization of France. But there is much yet for a reflective Conservative to enjoy; this is largely a happy book and the balcony is a place in the sun.

It offers views of Paris, delicately tinted and rhythmically composed, and it looks out also on the arts and on the forum. M. Dimnet's clericalism and conservatism come out often between the lines and sometimes publicly with a snap. Does he really believe that all pacifists are the Kaiser's men? Does he really see nothing but sarcasm in Voltaire? Does he really believe that M. Herriot's policy in Alsace and Lorraine will "surprise and shock the whole world?" The whole world, if it takes any notice at all, is more likely to be mildly amused at the dismay of the restored provinces in tasting the fruits of restoration. But one gladly takes the sharpness of M. Dimnet's distrust of old scoffers and new statesmen along with his ripe and gentle passion for the beauty and honour of his city and his country. His balcony looks out beyond Paris to the Loire and its smiling garden, its Vouvray and Bourgeuil where you may drink nectar at three francs a bottle. It looks out on the Gare de Lyon and thence to the Midi, which begins at Montélimar and ends in a peacock sea by whose shores there are no more sorrow and anger. It looks out finally into the hearts and brains of all manner of men and looks with compassion and understanding at the ebb and flow of ambition and achievement. These observations have many spheres and subjects, but the observer's mood is maintained. "Only Time is a Genius."

### A DISTINGUISHED TALENT

*Other People's Fires.* By Isabel Butchart. Sidgwick and Jackson. 5s. net.

THE journalism of to-day is too hastily reprinted, and we sometimes wonder what can be the public for shallow articles which served their turn, and have no distinction deserving permanence. The papers entitled 'Other People's Fires,' which appeared in Country Life, have a charm which is beyond the ordinary. The author has the *perferendum ingenium* of the North, a genius for friendship, and a real love of literature. She would endorse the saying of Longinus that "beautiful words are in very truth the peculiar light of thought." She finds the Reading Room of the Museum "the most satisfying place this side Heaven," and is held by writing as others are by drink. She writes naturally and well, without the depressing cliché, though she slyly adopts a classic phrase here and there for humorous use. She has a woman's interest in bedrooms, not, as a rule, closely scrutinized by the indifferent male, and in wives like Mrs. Richard Baxter and Mrs. Pepys. Amusingly she discovers the effectual craft of Wilson, attendant to Elizabeth Barrett, later Browning, at £16 a year. Without this clever go-between the astonishing courtship would hardly have ended happily, or indeed advanced at all. Women ought to be notable appreciators of Jane Austen, but men have hitherto had the field mostly to themselves. Here we revisit the fire-side in the East Room at Mansfield Park, long kept cold by the efforts of the disgusting Mrs. Norris, and find a record of sensations on first reading Jane Austen. The last male we met in a similar position described her as interesting, but very irritating, being floored by her excessive, roundabout use of negatives in phrasing. Miss Butchart, though in a nursing home at the time, did not apparently find any difficulty about the mixture in the novels of the vernacular and eighteenth century elaboration. Elizabeth Bennet, of course, she adored, a heroine, like Shakespeare's Beatrice, untouched by time and fashion. Here, as elsewhere, the paper lures the reader on to additions and discoveries of his own. Is the author, usually sound in taste and knowledge, fair in proclaiming the great Victorian novelists disappointing in the endings of their books? She might look at 'Vanity Fair,' at the noble end of 'Middlemarch,' or the simple epitaph of a poor man uttered by a poor girl who loved him at the end of 'The Woodlanders.'

VERNON RENDALL



## NEW FICTION

BY GERALD GOULD

*In the Land of Youth.* By James Stephens. Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.*Stella Defiant.* By Clare Sheridan. Duckworth. 7s. 6d. net.*Suburban Nights' Entertainments.* By G. P. Robinson. Duckworth. 7s. 6d. net.*The Constant Nymph.* By Margaret Kennedy. Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.

MR. STEPHENS becomes more and more of a puzzle. Nobody who remembers with gratitude 'The Crock of Gold' and 'The Demi-Gods' (and nobody who has ever read them is likely to be either forgetful of them or ungrateful for them) can doubt that the man who wrote them has natural genius, and is both a poet and a wit. But even those exquisite works had flaws, had passages of ineptitude and dullness. And as for what Mr. Stephens offers us now, it is impossible even to guess what he himself imagines to be the point of it. He used to have a vein of genuine simplicity: he would tell difficult and profound things with a comical or gracious ingenuousness, and so invest them with laughter or tears. But now he does not seem to distinguish between the apparent artlessness of art and the sheer ugliness of awkward and inadequate writing. It is as if a child, having been praised for lending the charm of its own simplicity to a simple statement, should seek to please its audience further by a mere mispronunciation of words. In this new book, as in 'Deirdre,' we get a re-telling of old Irish mythology and legend; and, as in 'Deirdre,' the sheer narrative rises in one or two places to great heights, because in those places Mr. Stephens is content to be direct, and the incidents provide their own nobility—for instance, the marshalling of the armies to surround Midir when he comes to claim Etain. I am too ignorant of the subject-matter to know where Mr. Stephens is inventing and where he is using old material: but it does not matter: the study of sources has nothing to do with the estimation of merits: and the writer who tells a tale well makes it his own. But even that marshalling of the armies is marred by a would-be facetious anecdote about a raw captain and a veteran soldier. This sort of lapse may be simple in a sense, but it is at the opposite extreme to art's simplicity; the incongruity is laboured, artificial, unnatural; the fun gives merely an effect of strain and embarrassment. Mr. Stephens seems to make a cult of anti-climax, on the principle that the incongruous is the amusing: but very often the incongruous is the humiliating, the depressing. Having a high heroic story, he would lose nothing in simplicity by telling it with dignity: what are we to make of these crudities and coynesses and simperings, these lumberings and blunderings? It is not as if Mr. Stephens could not write: even here, he still provides evidence that he can: yet he constantly says things like this:

But in the middle of that gaze he fell asleep, for he was tired by the loss of his night's rest, and was yet more wearied by reason of the adventures that he had gone through and the mental disturbance to which he had been subjected.

And this:

She questioned him, but as his replies were evasive or distraught, she gave up a fruitless inquiry and sought elsewhere for a solution of her son's trouble.

("She," in this extract, was "Boann, the wife of the Great Good God." The italics in both cases are mine).

What a way to write of folk that went

To war with gods and heroes long ago!

But Mr. Stephens is even more distressing when he is trying to do the curt-impressive-powerful:

His arm swept at her. Her head leaped bloodily from her shoulders, and thumped dully on the floor, and rolled.

Does literature provide a better example of the agoniz-

ingly "forcible-feeble"? How infinitely—I use the word with precision—how *infinitely* more grand and solemn it would have been to say: "He cut off her head"!

That straining after effect would have been more appropriate in Miss Sheridan's novel, which is not about gods and heroes but about Bolsheviks and Turks and Irishmen and Ambassadors. Stella was defiant—so much is clear from the title, though not from the wrapper, which depicts a red-haired young woman dancing, dressed in a transparent green veil, manacled with jewels, and apparently aspiring to a star. What exactly she defied I have not been able to understand. Her father was Irish and her mother Russian, she was illegitimate and misunderstood, she had two husbands and a lover or two, she toyed with Communism and took cocaine. Her life, in short, was full of incident, but it is difficult to discern in her adventures any core of character, or to comprehend why everything she touched should have turned to violence. She began badly, it is true, for her father planned her birth ahead by the stars, only, as his calculation was a little out, she was not quite what he expected: a star danced, and she was born under another one. She complained of being soulless and incapable of love, but perhaps she misjudged herself, for, after the most exciting adventures in Ireland and Germany, she settled down quite happily in *partibus infidelium* with a Turk. Her story is written in an over-emphatic strain—no other, indeed, would go very well with its theme; but it would be unjust to represent it as mere incoherence and rant. Despite its absurdities, it is genuinely interesting and has in places a sort of distinction.

It is nevertheless a relief to turn from two books which unite such high pretensions with such disconcerting execution to two others, one of which makes very small pretensions, and both of which are written with quiet and confident competence. To take the less serious first—'Suburban Nights' Entertainments' is light, fantastic, and yet straightforward: it achieves a successful mingling of wholesome sentiment with florid yarn-spinning: and though there is nothing memorable in it, it is the right companion for a lazy hour. It is so well done that it holds the attention easily and firmly: of its kind, it is completely successful.

And Miss Kennedy has scored an almost equally complete success with a very much more ambitious subject. She has tackled musical genius—no less. Every novel-reader is free to say: "I know nothing about music really, but I know what musical geniuses are like: they ill-treat or neglect their wives." Miss Kennedy does not depart from this formula, but, surprisingly, she makes it live. She marries her musician to a prig—one of those nice prigs whose essential meanness would never have been discovered if only circumstances had been kinder. The heroine is a child who has grown up loving the musician; her whole being is absorbed in the sort of love of which his wife is incapable: but the wife is no lay-figure, but really, in her own way, loves, and really suffers. The three studies—of the beautiful, earnest "intellectual" destroyed by the seed of base jealousy at her heart; of the fragile, adoring and adorable child; and of the genius, at once hard and distraught—are admirable. It is an old controversy whether what would be brutality in the ordinary person is to be condoned in the man or woman of genius. But I doubt whether there is anything to discuss in it. Genius often carries with it a ruthlessness, an impatience, without which it would perhaps fail to make room for its own expression: and if we choose to say that the world benefits so much by that ruthlessness that, whoever as an individual suffers by it, the balance is on the right side, I suppose we may: but we are making comparison of incommensurables. Miss Kennedy takes the right course of detachment. She shows us the man of genius as a human being: she elaborates his faults without alienating our sympathy. But the child Teresa is her triumph.

## SHORTER NOTICES

*Modern Astrophysics.* By Herbert Dingle. Collins. 30s. net.

AFTER reading this excellent book the brain is left reeling from immensities to infinitesimals. This is not the fault of Professor Dingle's exposition, which is uniformly lucid and orderly. It is inherent in the nature of the subject, which deals with orders of magnitude of which one set is measured in "tenth-metres" or "angstrom units," equalling the two hundred and fifty millionth part of an inch, and another in "parsecs" or units of about 19 million million miles—a distance which light takes over three years to traverse, but which is less than the distance of the nearest star. Those who wish to read the newest theories about the structure of the universe, and to learn the latest facts as to the distance, arrangement, size and composition of the stars, will find all that they can wish in Professor Dingle's authoritative and luminous treatise.

*Science Old and New.* By J. Arthur Thomson. Melrose. 9s. net.

PROFESSOR ARTHUR THOMSON has the art of making popular science not only instructive but fascinating. The collection of fifty-two articles which he has now published is readable from the first page to the last. It deals almost entirely with the field of biological exposition which he has made peculiarly his own, and amply fulfils his aim of "continuing the disclosure of the unending interest of animate nature, even in everyday sights." It is full of fresh biological facts, and no one should need to be told that the author frequently makes them the medium of imparting fresh ideas.

*Thirteen Worthies.* By Llewelyn Powys. With a Preface by Van Wyck Brooks. Grant Richards. 5s. net.

THESE papers are reprinted from American periodicals, and, ranging from Chaucer to Thomas Hardy, give us brief and attractive accounts of worthies, apart from Culpeper and Sir Thomas Urquhart, already celebrated by many pens. Mr. Powys has nothing new to say, but his writing throughout has a grace and ease unusual to-day. He is never, to use a phrase of Dryden's, "pleasantly severe," and does not adopt any of the modern means of startling the reader. He is occasionally precious in his use of the adjective, and full of a sentiment for the country which is agreeable and Tennysonian. In Dorset we should not choose Stalbridge and Sturminster Newton, apart from its bridge, as "most lovely places," since there are others more attractive. We do not think Culpeper's description of the Cuckoo-flower as a "blushing white colour," a triumph of exactness, for blushes have a rosy, not a purple, tinge. The college of Corpus, which cherishes the memory of Kit Marlowe, is not "the oldest" in Cambridge by any means. Beau Nash was of the Middle, not the Inner, Temple, if Goldsmith's Life of him is correct. It is well worth reading, for it includes characteristic details Mr. Powys has no room for.

*Thirty Seasons at Monte Carlo.* By Pat. Grant Richards. 5s. net.

"DURING the Winter of 1894-5," the author "had a bad attack of grippal pneumonia which nearly proved fatal." So he went to Monte Carlo. But this was not his first visit, for business had taken him there in 1886, when he played a few five franc pieces on the third dozen and won thirty francs, which he spent on a sumptuous lunch. On March 3, 1899, "feverish symptoms, cold and headache developed in the train as we were on our way to Clermont." From 1905 to

1914, "my records of play are meagre. I recollect very well that during this period I used for scoring purposes the ordinary cards distributed in the Casino." Between 1913 and 1917, "I made many interesting bicycle excursions usually as a prelude to my play at Monte." The rest of the book is equally thrilling, and the information about roulette systems is worthless.

*Madeira: Impressions and Associations.* By Alan Lethbridge. Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.

MR. LETHBRIDGE is kindly and voluble, but contributes little to our knowledge of Madeira. He quotes an able seaman to the effect that it "beats Somerset," and he is enthusiastic about fruits and flowers, placid peasants, coloured landscapes. Colour, however, is conspicuously absent from his illustrations, crude snapshots that certainly do not "beat Somerset." And most of the attractions have to be taken on trust, depend on some subtle fascination which he has not contrived to translate. We are told that the Emperor Charles's children found the island "much jollier than the rather sombre Palace in Vienna," for "here they have sunshine." Yes, but "sometimes there is a violet haze which jealously hides the mountains." And this sometimes develops into dense white mists such as brought the Emperor to his untimely grave. Madeira depends largely on tourists and is much vaunted by her innkeepers, but her hillsides are death-traps for invalids.

*Babes of the Wild.* By Charles G. D. Roberts. Dent. 6s. net.

MAJOR ROBERTS has a sureness of touch and a command of forcible direct English, which are exceedingly rare among naturalists as good as he. What he sets out to do he accomplishes admirably. The atmosphere of the New Brunswick forest and the life of its wild creatures are conveyed to perfection in these tales told by the old woodsman, Uncle Andy, to the restless inquisitive Babe. The bold type and the illustrations by Warwick Reynolds help to make 'Babes of the Wild' a first-class Christmas present for the average boy. Moreover, there is no taint of anthropomorphism, though the stories are so richly personal.

If there is one criticism to make from the English point of view, it is that Major Roberts ought to give us something with an English setting. Foreigners interest us—they are human beings like ourselves—but with alien beasts and birds we have less sympathy. We need the lives of our own wild creatures chronicled in the same vivid style—there are otters in Sussex as well as in New Brunswick.

*Haunts of the Eagle.* By Arthur W. Fox, M.A. Methuen. 8s. 6d. net.

'HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN DONEGAL' would better have described the scope of this book than its actual more romantic title. It contains some rather tedious word-painting (after Richard Jefferies) of scenery and things seen, but is full of information on most of the subjects which attract English visitors to Donegal—legends, birds, Irish customs, mountains and antiquities. Some attention to fishing and to the present condition of the country would have increased its value. The book has an excellent index and is generally accurate. But Mr. Fox is behind the times in supposing that Golden Eagles are still declining in numbers. Recently they have increased again in Great Britain.

Though hardly of outstanding interest for the general reader, this book will be welcome to those who know the county or contemplate visiting it. One might miss much that is worth seeing in Donegal, and still more that is worth knowing, through ignoring 'Haunts of the Eagle.'

## ROUND THE LIBRARY TABLE

## ADVERSARIA

SOME idea of the meaning of road communication may be gleaned from *The Fugger News-Letters* (Bodley Head, 16s. net), a selection from which during the years from 1568 to 1606 have just been published in an English translation with a preface by Mr. Gordon Selfridge, to whom the issue of this edition is mainly due. The Fuggers were great merchant bankers in Augsburg and had representatives all over Europe who kept them in touch with the current news among their other duties. Together with these are professional news-letter writers, who collected news and sent out reports to subscribers. Mr. V. Klarwill in his introduction gives a very full account of them, and it is deeply interesting to see the way in which the various correspondents were able to get news through to their employers even in time of war.

\* \* \*

These letters are most amusing, and instructive, too, in the accounts they give of popular beliefs and happenings. It is true that this volume is only a selection from an enormous mass of material, and that probably the percentage of the whole it represents is very small. But witchcrafts and alchemy were very much in the air then, and everybody would be interested in the success or otherwise of a man who could make gold from quicksilver. Unfortunately his process only worked on small quantities, or to be more accurate, he could only get the gold out of it that he had previously put into it. All these accounts are useful to us as giving the background of people's minds at the time. The story of the Russian army transported through England will be just as valuable to the future historians of our time as if it had been true—perhaps more so. This is a book that can be taken up at any time with the certainty of finding something interesting.

\* \* \*

*The Calendar of Early Mayor's Court Rolls*, from 1298 to 1307, edited by A. H. Thomas (Cambridge University Press, 15s. net), may not sound very interesting, but it is full of good things—witness the case of one of the City parsons who was had up for being a nuisance. It seems he had imported four dead wolves in a barrel and they had gone bad. When he was asked why he had procured them, he said that it was a cure for lupus, but as it seems that he was not suffering from it himself, and did not know anyone who was, he had to get rid of his precious cure and suffer the consequences. Most of the cases are for forestalling and regrating, that is, for speculating in foodstuffs either by buying them before they reach the market or by buying them in the market in order to make a profit on them. I see the French Government are trying to stop the same evils this week, but they seem unable to draft any law that will work. A return to medieval methods, with a grain speculator hailed to the pillory by his ears for exhibition to a hungry crowd, might prove successful, but would certainly disturb modern business men.

\* \* \*

I have on the table a second and revised edition of one of the last of the great alliterative poems, *Patience*, by Sir Israel Gollancz (Milford, 5s. net). This edition has long been urgently needed, as the poem is one of great interest philologically as well as for its intrinsic value, and we now have it in a form as nearly final as may be.

LIBRARIAN

## ACROSTICS

## PUBLISHERS' PRIZE

For the Acrostic Competition there is a weekly prize:—A Book (selected by the competitor) reviewed in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the problem was set.

## RULES

1. The price of the book chosen must not exceed a guinea; it must be named by the solver when he sends his solution, and be published by a firm whose name is on the list printed on this page from time to time.

2. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.

3. Envelopes must be marked "Competition," and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

Competitors not complying with these Rules will be disqualified.

Awards of Prizes.—When solutions are of equal merit, the result will be decided by lot.

Under penalty of disqualification, competitors must intimate their choice of book when sending solutions, which must reach us not later than the Friday following publication.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 141.

(First of the Quarter.)

THESE PLANTS, WHOSE FRAGRANCE WELL YOU KNOW,  
IN MANY A COTTAGE GARDEN GROW.

1. Debits and credits stand recorded here.
2. Gave birth to One great monarchs learned to fear.
3. Annoying, irksome, grievous, hard to bear.
4. To handle this with safety calls for care.
5. Worthless, belike, though lauded to the sky.
6. Keeps her young charge for ever in her eye.
7. Light's foe I was, but now my reign is over.
8. Here birds may live;—and men, but not in clover.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 139.

FOUR LIGHTS A DRAMATIST AND EIGHT A PLAY  
REVEAL—HIS MASTERPIECE. NOW WORK AWAY!

1. Half man, half horse, born in the realms of fable.
2. Belinda played it on her verdant table.
3. Behead a rascal and curtail him too.
4. A test—to spell it puzzles not a few.
5. Britannia held me—does she hold me still?
6. Unscrew his nut, but ware his powerful bill.
7. Not learned but learned. (Asks discrimination!)
8. Attacks our fingers' ends, this inflammation.
9. Remove the Roman! Cut the shrew in twain!
10. Two feet three inches is enough, 'tis plain.
11. No corners mine, yet not a round am I.
12. By his sharp teeth must hunted Reynard die.

## Solution of Acrostic No. 139.

C	entau	R	
O	mbr	E <sup>1</sup>	1 "The Rape of the Lock," Canto III.
kN	a	Ve	
G	aug	E <sup>2</sup>	2 Very commonly mis-spelled <i>guage</i> .
T	riden	T <sup>3</sup>	3 The symbol of maritime supremacy.
nutH	atc	H	
E	rudit	E	
W	hitlo	W	
virA	g	O	
Y	a	Rd <sup>4</sup>	4 Twenty-seven inches = three-fourths of a Yard.
O	va	L	
F	oxhound		

ACROSTIC No. 139.—The winner is Mrs. M. M. Snow, Northdown Hill School, Cliftonville, Margate, who has selected as her prize 'The Coming of Amos,' by W. J. Locke, published at The Bodley Head and reviewed in our columns on November 1. Twenty-two other solvers named this book, 37 chose 'Sard Harker,' 22 'Foibles and Fallacies of Science,' 21 'Unknown Tribes, Uncharted Seas,' etc., etc.

A. M. W. MAXWELL.—Your 9th light reads *Animale*. Glad you find our Acrostics so interesting.

SIR J. TICHBORNE, FARSDON, MISS GREEN PRICE, MUREX, THE PELHAMS, M. KINGSFORD, GABRIEL.—"Animalculæ" is not only "a gross barbarism," but it ends with a diphthong! It is therefore quite inadmissible. "Animalcule" is an English word, with a plural "animalcules." "Animalculæ" was no doubt supposed to be the plural of "Animalcula," but that is itself the plural of the Latin word *Animalculum*.

MARY MARSHAL.—Will look into the matter at once.

FUZILEER.—I have noticed several other mistakes in Chambers's Twentieth Century Dictionary (under Rhea, Iliad, and Cockchafer). According to Ogilvie's Imperial Dictionary "nidulation" means "the time of remaining in the nest." See reply to Gabriel. "Guage" is surely an error.

MAJOR PHILLIMORE.—Should have been acknowledged last week; it arrived late.

(Other results unavoidably held over.)



## BOOK SALES

ON October 29 Messrs. Sotheby began their season with a two-day sale of books from the libraries of several owners, and although the collections were not of outstanding importance as a whole there were many items of considerable interest especially among the Italian and French books of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. The prices of these books show a tendency to increase over previous records where such are obtainable, though when the scarcity of such specimens is remembered, many prices seem still too low.

\* \* \*

'De Ritimis Vulgaribus,' etc., Antoninus de Tempo, Venice, 1509, one of the earliest books on versification and very rare, sold for £4 10s., a very moderate price, and Boccaccio's 'De Montibus, Sylvis, Fontibus,' etc., 1473, a good specimen from the press of Vindelin de Spira at Venice, realized £22. The long and quaint poem 'L'Acerba' of Cecco d'Ascoli, illustrated with many woodcuts, printed at Venice, 1519, was bought for £7 5s., a moderate price. This volume came originally from the Pembroke collection, and was bound in the red morocco in which nearly all the books from that collection were clothed. A manuscript of the fifteenth century, written on paper, of 'Le Quadrilogue sur le Faict de la Guerre,' by Alain Chartier, was not dear at £17 10s., for it is a contemporary version of an extremely important item in French literature of its period. The poem, however, exists in a number of other contemporary versions. A fine copy of 'Vita di Dante Alighieri,' printed at Florence in 1576, sold for £35, a price considerably in advance of previous records. The "life" was written by Boccaccio, but considering the subject it is perhaps curious that it did not appear in print until so late as 1576. A very important French book was 'La Defence et Illustration de la Langue Francoyse,' 1549, bound as is usually the case with 'L'Olive,' etc. This is the first edition of Du Bellay's important treatise on the French language, and it was sold for £37. The long poem of Faccio degli Uberti called 'Ditta Mundi' appeared in this sale in the second edition of 1501, the first having been printed in 1474, and at £5 10s. it was cheap; and there was also the rare first edition, Venice, 1500, of Girolamo Benevieni's 'Canzone e Sonnetti,' which sold for £9 10s. 'Le Premier Livre des Narrations Fabuleuses,' etc., of Guillaume Gueroult, printed at Lyons in 1558, was bought for £14. This is an extremely rare volume of early French poetry, and is especially interesting because it is printed in that very curious script-like type called *lettres de civilité*.

\* \* \*

The third and extremely rare edition of the poems of that charming writer of the French Renaissance, Louise Labé, 'Euvres de Louize Labé Lionnoize,' printed at Lyons in 1556, fetched £54, not a high price, for the two editions of 1555 and this one are extremely rare. The works of this poetess were not reprinted after 1556 until 1762. That very uncommon printer, who signs himself in his colophons simply "Adam," was represented in this sale by a fine 'Lactantius' of 1471, which sold for £31; and the 'Epistolæ' of Pius II, printed at Milan in 1473 by Zarotus, the first printer in that town, realized £17. Another notable early book was 'Sabellicus: Rerum Venetarum Historia,' Venice, 1487, which cost its purchaser £23. The typography of this volume was much admired by William Morris. Two very rare French books were 'L'Heptameron,' of Marguerite de Navarre, the second edition 1560, £22, and 'Le Vergier d'Honneur,' Octavien Saint-Gelais, Paris, 1499 or 1500, which realized £56.

Van Linschoten's 'Discours of Voyages,' the first English edition 1598, changed hands at £110, and a fine copy of Captain John Smith's 'Generall Historie of Virginia,' 1624, fetched £220, although it lacked the errata slip, occasionally seen, and also the portrait of Matoaka. £30 was a high price for a copy of De Quincey's 'Confessions of an English Opium Eater,' 1822. 'The Sword and Buckler' of William Basse, of which only one other perfect copy is known, sold for £200; and the price of £920 paid for the extremely rare pamphlet, 'Humors Antique Face,' 1605, shows how much collectors will pay for something, the scarcity of which is almost its sole recommendations. First editions of Ben Jonson always are valuable, and the copy of 'Seianus His Fall' in this sale reached £290. Spenser's 'Fowre Hymnes,' 1596, containing the second edition of 'Daphnaida,' sold for £230, and a copy of the same poet's 'Prothalamion, or a Spousall Verse,' first edition 1596, realized £180.

\* \* \*

A very fine copy of the third folio edition of Shakespeare, 1664, containing in addition an extra leaf from the extremely rare 1663 issue of the same volume, was bought for £1,610. The copy appears to have been quite as good as that in the Britwell sale a few years ago, when the price was £2,400.

\* \* \*

Messrs. Sotheby had another sale on November 10 and 11 of books from a library formerly in Scotland, and in it a number of notable items occurred. A copy of the first, or so-called Kilmarnock edition, 1786, of the poems of Burns, sold for £510, not by any means the highest price, and the 1787 edition, the first printed at Edinburgh, cost £31, comparatively a high price. The first edition of 'Robinson Crusoe' at £180 was about what might be expected for a good copy of that work with the requisite "points," and £40 for the first edition of the 'Poems,' 1640, of Thomas Carew, shows an upward tendency. A few fine bindings fetched very good prices, and Daniell and Aytton's 'Voyage Round Great Britain,' 1814-25, at £95, was not under-valued. A fine water-colour drawing by William Blake, signed, and dated 1812, sold for £510.

## MOTORING

## EQUIPMENT FOR WINTER

By H. THORNTON RUTTER

ALTHOUGH the permanently closed motor carriage is becoming more generally used to-day than the open touring car, the latter is so well supplied with rigid side-curtains and an easily erected hood that it gives almost as good protection from the effects of cold weather as the former. Yet comfortable as they both may be the owner often finds that he (or she) needs additional accessories to make travelling in the cold months of the year free from discomfort. As far as the driver is concerned loose gloves, easy boots and warm clothes are the only means of being comfortable in winter, although a spot-light to read the sign-posts at night-time and a coloured vizor or glass screen to shield the eyes from dazzling headlights are helpful at all times. Cold weather is apt to cause trouble with some motor engines, because the driver has continued to use the same thick oil in the sump that has lubricated the motor during the spring and summer. For this reason some engines run better with a thinner lubricating oil during the late autumn and the winter months of the year, so that it is wise to change the oil in order that the pistons may not be gummed up in the early morning and add to the difficulty in starting the engine.

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Winter motoring entails greater use of the lighting equipment of the car. This necessitates some attention being paid to the battery to see that the electrolyte covers the plates, or, if not, to add distilled water until these are properly covered. Also if only short journeys in towns are the usual trips it is advisable to have the dynamo output increased at low engine speeds, so that the battery may receive its proper amount of charging during the hours of running to provide for the demand of electric current for the lamps at night. This is an easy matter when adjusted by a capable mechanic, and can be effected in a quarter of an hour. It is therefore advisable to get this done rather than attempt to do it oneself, although no doubt the Book of Instructions handed to every purchaser of a motor car will explain how to perform this adjustment. The owner-driver should be advised to test the lighting system by switching on the different lamp circuits in turn before leaving the garage each day, as at the present time the police authorities are much concerned with the illumination of rear number plates. Also a spare set of lamp-bulbs should be carried, as sometimes the vibrations caused by the irregularities of the road surface break the filament of the bulb. It is usually the tail lamp or side light bulb that fails, which may bring the driver of the car in conflict with the authorities if it is not quickly replaced. Somehow or other, few garages seem to stock bulbs to fit every car. As the law stands at the moment the motorist is bound to carry three lights on the vehicle. One of these is a white light to be carried on the extreme right-hand or off-side of the car, showing the light in the direction the vehicle is travelling; the second is a red light in the same position at the rear of the car, but the light must be visible to anybody following the car; and the third is a white light illuminating the rear number plate of the vehicle. As the last two conditions are usually combined with a single lamp showing a red light in the rear and a white light along the number plate, actually two lamps are all that the law demands. Other lights carried by cars are for the convenience and safety of the drivers.

\* \* \*

It would seem scarcely necessary to point out the dangers involved by carelessly spilling petrol when filling up the tank of cars, yet the haphazard methods of handling this highly-inflammable liquid by the garage folk on one hand and the public on the other call for some remarks on the subject. Recently we noticed a car having its tank replenished by means of the spare tin when the car was parked by the side of some thirty or more other motor carriages. On this occasion some petrol was spilt by the roadside along which passers-by were proceeding all the time, any one of whom might have thrown a lighted match into the wet patch of petrol and ignited a bonfire. What would have happened if such a fire had been started is difficult to say, but there is no doubt that it would have involved quite a number of the cars on the rank besides the car that was being refilled. Motorists appear to be more thoughtless during the cold months of the year than the warmer ones in this particular. It does, however, suggest that when one parks a car in a rank with others, care should be exercised to see that the cars are all placed so that each individual motor carriage can drive away from the rank without interference or moving any of the others. Should a fire then break out in a rank or standing place for motors, if they are parked *en échelon* or in a herring-bone pattern, they could be moved rapidly away without any delay or interference with each other. As London now has a Traffic Control Board which has such matters as providing parking spots for cars under its direction, let us hope that motors will no longer be allowed to stand head to tail in line in a long rank which only leaves the extremities of the line to move freely away from the other vehicles.

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## CITY NOTES

*Lombard Street, Thursday*

**A**S was to be expected, markets rather boiled over at the end of last week, but the tone is good and markets this week have again gone ahead. The City, although surprised at Mr. Baldwin's selection of a Chancellor, is not alarmed by Mr. Churchill's advent to the Treasury; he has a difficult task and is expected to tackle it with his customary energy and ability. Mr. Churchill can rest assured that such advice or assistance as he may require from the City will be forthcoming, and in view of the necessity of a comprehensive conversion scheme in the near future, it is probable that he is already "in touch." In this direction his task is not too simple. The ideal conditions for such a scheme are cheap money and a scarcity of attractive trustee stocks. At the moment money looks like becoming dearer and new trustee securities are appearing weekly with monotonous regularity. If only the Chancellor could forbid the introduction of any new issues of this class for three or six months, how much easier his task would be.

## TO THE CHANCELLOR

I would draw the attention of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to the activity of the pedlars of worthless shares and wild cat schemes, the promoters of which make the vast sums the public loses. These advertising share-pushers and financial sharks do harm twice over. In the first place they rob the small man of his savings, an unpardonable crime against the individual, and secondly, by embittering him against what he wrongly considers the capitalist class, they drive him into allegiance with the Communist faction. Surely legislation could be introduced that would lead to a curtailment of this class of so-called finance.

I would suggest an attractive issue for the small investor on the lines of Savings Certificates, something that can be bought at every Post Office in multiples of one pound. The small man is an easy prey for the shark, because no one else will bother to help him invest his small savings safely. I would suggest a 5% issue paid without tax deduction at the source in Bonds of one pound each, no investor to hold more than £100, the Bonds to be convertible into cash at par at any time on request. The Loan to be unlimited in size and always on tap and redeemable at every Post Office. Each one pound Bond could have a sheet of coupons attached, each coupon being cashable at any Post Office when due, dividends to be paid annually, so each coupon would be for 1s. No registration to be necessary, but a holder of more than £100 worth to be liable to the penalty of confiscation of any Bonds over this amount held. It is probable that an issue such as this, if shorn of red tape and the filling up of endless forms, would not merely bring many millions into the Treasury, but would also be a God-send to the small man who in this way would have a definite stake in the country. This money would be fresh money and would not cause any tightening of rates, as Treasury Bills might possibly do if money gets scarcer.

## WORKING HOURS

I would further suggest to the Chancellor that he make a suggestion to the Stock Exchange Committee that the Treasury would be pleased to see them decide to open the House on a Saturday. Also that he whisper to the Banks that he would like them to help

in this direction by remaining open for another half-hour on Saturdays. I have dealt with this question before. If London is to regain the position it held in pre-war days as the leading financial centre in the world it must be prepared to do business on more than five days a week. In return for this concession on the part of the Stock Exchange, could not the Chancellor hold out to them the hope that his first Budget would reduce the heavy stamp duties on transfers, and to the Bankers that the stamps on cheques might be reduced again to one penny? These two reforms would cost the country very little, if anything, and are in my opinion badly needed.

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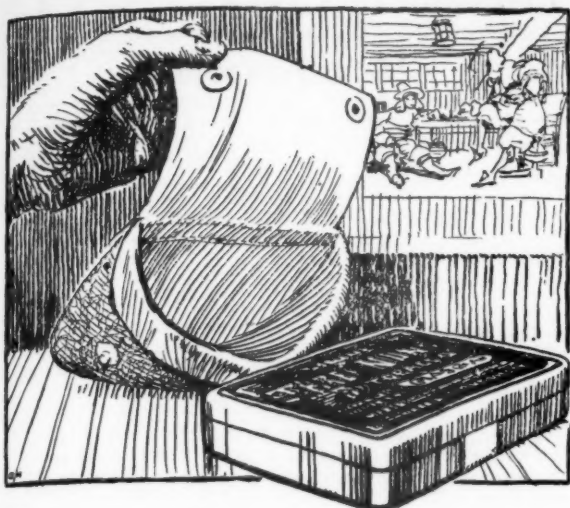
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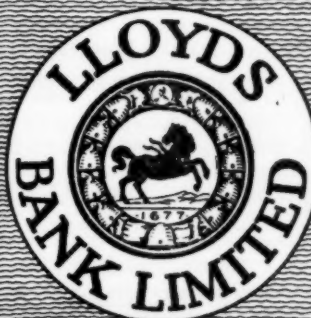
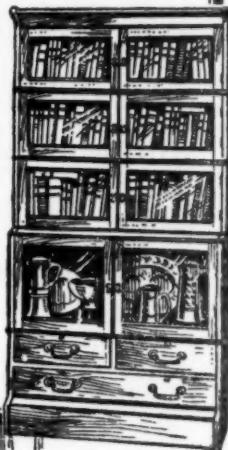
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